

学校生よう!

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STYLING

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STUDENT

Gakkou wo Deyou! - Volume 01 Chapter 00 (Incomplete)

Table of Contents

- 1. [Old Teaser](#)
- 2. [Prologue](#)

Old Teaser

Imouto's ghost floats above my eyes.

From a long time ago, I never believed in the existence of such things as ghosts. For example, a suddenly appearing midnight female ghost entirely covered in blood with both hands hanging, croaking "I hate ~", then disappearing leaving no traces... I think I won't admit it even if you kill me, first an appointment with optometrist, then with a psychiatrist. I completely could not understand, why would anyone be afraid ghost stories or horror movies, that kind of fake stuff? That constructed, fictional stories, the people and things inside do not really exist. Fictional compositions are not enough to be believable, how can the heart and spirit be hurt?

Those people what are they afraid of?

In reality when I was younger, I was quite afraid at night of the nearby elementary school dormitories. Later on because of kid's frequent attitude of dares, I finally was able to overcome the fear. The power of not wanting to lose, certainly is really great.

Enough to rock what I consider this kind of reasoning, is six years ago, when I was eleven years old.

From that day on, from that time on, imouto's ghost have tag along without pause.

This is the reason for me to be studying in this particular school.

Now, I bunkered in a room in the boy's dormitory. The origin of this reason is going around and around in front of me, dancing at fast and light steps. Because of her, I was dislocated to this Third Public EMP Academy. Actually I don't even have a bit of special abilities, ah...

"You just said something?"

The ghostly girl had not too long and not too short hair, four long and white limbs and white seifuku. Behind her half transparent body, the scene can still be seen. If my imouto Haruna is still alive, then this year she should already be

sixteen. Though she now is floating in area 10 cm above the wooden floor, her hair lightly moving and flowing. Don't know why this ghost every year gets older along the years looks really like sixteen years old. Haruna sense my look, the still youthful face appears like a child's innocent smile. I sighed a deep breath.

Haruna was ten years old when she left. I suddenly saw the situation of her accident, then participated in her burial, seen her laying in the coffin with dead man's makeup, after the cremation also collected her bones. The night of guarding spirit, suddenly I saw the transformed ghost of Haruna.

Six years ago I didn't have full understanding; I that was not strong enough was really surprised. A body that was half transparent in curious manner looked at the her laying in coffin, then slowly turns her head around and smiled, allowing a deep memory. I didn't even have enough energy to consider optometrist or psychiatrist, almost fainted.

That time, my twin younger sister Wakana was also along side. She saw the similar to a split of herself, half-transparent Haruna, but wasn't too surprised. This is something I remembered very clearly.

This pair of twin sisters supposes that the other is just herself. Wakana maybe presumes, the other split Haruna's death is just like the disappearance of a mirror.

Previously I have asked Wakana about this question. She just lightly move her head with too long Hepburn hair, subdued for thirty seconds then,

"I too don't know"

She lightly replies.

No matter, from then on it's like this. Imouto's ghost is continuously by my side.

Right now, Haruna is right in front of my eyes. The short skirt on her is half-transparent like her body, the ends of the skirt light fluttering.

Possible to realize, she is soaked in happiness — in the school's dormitories double room, the happiness of monopolizing me.

Fortunately, my roommate, the boy student, lost his EMP abilities; from

yesterday starting he didn't come to school or the dormitory.

When he left that guy said.

"Only now I am not afraid to tell you, I was really going to be scared to death by Haruna. Every time I took a shower or used the restroom, really was worried if she would suddenly appear through the wall... at night if I wake up I would see her shinningly attached to the ceiling, so scared that I rushed out the door, my heart almost stopped... But now when recalling, it transforms into beautiful memories."

He said. Then, with unseen line controlling it, the alarm clock on the desk floats in the air, then knocks him out in the head.

Beautiful memories? This saying can only be used those people about to leave the bitter sea, huh? But me, don't know how much longer I can maintain this kind of situation... You idiot, have you thought of my feelings?! You deserve that! ... Even though at the same time inside saying that, also feel that it is because Haruna likes pranks, that I would be forced into this school. Haruna seems like she has no thought about leaving my side. If this character doesn't leave, I won't be able leave this place and that would very very long.

"This is bad?"

An unclear voice appears softly in my head. I was reclining on the lower bunk of a bunk bed, Haruna passed through my body spying on my expression. Her voice is still like when she was eleven. Seems like her mentality is the same.

"Of course it's bad, actually is extremely bad! If I was like you had some special ability, being called here to go to school, at least that would be acceptable. But like everyone else said, I'm just a normal person; there is no reason for staying here. I am staying in this desolate freak place wasting my youth, it's all because of you! Right, now is not too late, you can go find Wakana! You girls can be like before touchy feely, I'll find time to come visit you girls!"

"I don't want that!"

Haruna turns her head around and pouts, stamps what should be loud but silent foot.

On what is used as a desk but is an antique heater, the alarm clock sounds the

8 PM message.

Not sure whether because the roommate gather his luggage and left, or because the suddenly monopolizing double dorm room reasoning, the sound of the alarm clock is tenfold earsplitting.

The room has no TV, only imouto's ghost. If I thought of going outside for a breather, this academy is deep in mountains surrounded by forest, with very few people around, basically no living interest. Not allowed to leave on your own, if discovered will be forcefully brought back to the academy.

I'm slouched on my bed, thinking about how to waste time before I sleep. Just at this time, in the corner of my vision a white member floats.

It's Haruna's finger. She used her fingers to knock on the side of my head. I don't pay attention to her. Suddenly, something approaches flying. I quickly got up and dodged, in order to not be hit.

Haruna spies to me slouching on the bed, her half transparent face but red lips slowly moves.

Then she points towards the wall. "What?"

Haruna with a playful expression, five fingers and slowing bending one finger down, as if counting something. Five, four, three, two, one,...zero.

Prologue

Prologue[\[edit\]](#)

The ghost of my sister is hovering in front of me.

By the way, I didn't believe in ghosts for a long time. Even if a blood stained woman with no legs would suddenly appear in a dark back street, let her arms hang down and laugh at me just to disappear a few moments later with the words "Oh so hateful!". I would probably not accept the existence of ghosts and instead knock at the door of some eye doctor or psychiatry. I don't get how people can get frightened by ghost stories or horror movies. Those are no more than hot air, aren't they? Made-up stories. The people appearing in them don't even exist in reality. And you can't get hurt by anything that doesn't exist. So, why should we fear them?

In reality, when I was a child the elementary school nearby at night was creeping me out. But by making myself think like this, although that's no doubt the bluff of a child, I could overcome my fear. The power of imagination, how fabulous.

This perception began to sway six years ago, when I was 11 years old.

Since that day on, I've been possessed by the spirit of my little sister.

That's the reason I'm in this Academy.

At the moment, the cause of this reason is turning loops right in front of my eyes, while I am relaxing in my room in the boy's dorm. Thanks to that spirit I've been sent to this "Third Public EMP Academy". Even though I don't possess any "supernatural power". My, my...

<<Did you say anything?>>

A spirit-sister in sailor uniform with half-long hair, slender white hands and feet, as well as a half-transparent body through which I can see the other side of the room. If she, Haruna, would still live, she would have grown sixteen this year. Haruna was hovering 10cm above the wooden floor and let her hair sway.

So right now she's looking like sixteen, since for some reason she's been growing all these years.

She reacted with a child-like smile on her child-like face when she noticed my gaze. I sighted.

Haruna died when she was ten years old. I saw the moment of her dead, I also was at her funeral, I saw her pale, dead face in the coffin. Heck, I even picked up her bones after the cremation. It was quite a shock for me when I spotted her appearing as a ghost on the night of the wake. Mind you, that happened six years ago, when I was still alright in my head. I can still clearly remember how this half-transparent body was observing its own corpse and then turned around to me with a cheerful smile. I didn't have the composure to even think about going to a eye doctor or some psychiatry, and was about to faint.

My other little sister called Wakana, which is the twin sister of Haruna and almost her spit 'n' image, was at my side at the time. And I also remember how she didn't look surprised at all by the sight of her sister Haruna hovering above the ground with a half-transparent body. Well, from the start those twins seem to think of each other as themselves. So it could have been that the annihilation of the physical body of her other self, was like losing a mirror for Wakana.

Once I asked her about this, but she just inclined her too long grown bobbed hair and told me after 30 seconds:

"Dunno."